

# Sweet Corruption

*by kizzy7*

He longs to corrupt her....

## One-shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

He longs to corrupt her....

**A/N** I wrote this for tinytexans, who prompted me with 'corruption.' We were both very much inspired by Depeche Mode's delicious song, 'Corrupt,' which everyone should go listen to right now.... Thanks as always to the admins at TPP! I imagine this takes place in some AU seventh year, and Dumbledore still lives.

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She is young. Sweet. Sometimes in class, she curls her legs beneath her as she churns her bubbling potion the requisite six and a half counterclockwise turns. Her plain, pleated skirt rides up her legs, and I am not the only one who sneaks hungry glances at her exposed thigh. Condensation from her steaming cauldron often glistens her skin, delicious pearls of perspiration beading across her forehead, her upper lip.

I want to lick it off.

Why she should affect me such, I do not know. Perhaps because she is Potter's friend, and I loathe that boy with all the powerful depths of my soul. Or maybe, I mused one night with my cock fisted tight in my grip, it is because she is so... incorruptible.

That will change in time. Soon, her prim little lips will be gasping my name; her righteous thighs will open and tremble beneath me. I will lick glistening perspiration from every secret inch of her young, sweet body.

Yes.

I've drawn her in slowly, you see, so that she doesn't even realise she is the fly and I the spider. A heated glance here, an innocent brush of the fingers there.

Once, I called her by name, drawing out the syllables into delicious lengths, drifting my eyes from her lips to her breasts to her legs. An encouraging intake of breath was my reward.

And now, today...

Seventh-year Gryffindors and Slytherins crowd into the dungeons, chatting and laughing until I silence the noise with a single glare. My students proceed nervously to their seats, and she glances at me, a faint flush sketched high across her cheeks.

"Open your books to page thirty-seven," I demand. "You have the remainder of the class to produce a passable antidote to Amortentia. Begin."

Heavy thuds of opening books and the loud clattering of stirring rods swell across the classroom. Students stir, chop, titter nervously, peek into other cauldrons. She, of course, follows the directions with puckered lips, intent creases of concentration prickling her forehead.

Robes appropriately billowing, I weave my way through the cramped desks, pausing only to take five points from a whispering Weasley, to finally arrive before her. She is so involved in the potion...naturally the correct shade of maroon...that I have to tap a fingernail on her desk.

She starts in her seat before drawing her eyes up my body to meet and challenge my stare. "Professor?" she asks.

"Miss Granger," I say. "A word after class, if you please."

She clenches her jaw, determinedly adding a scoop of beetle's eyes to her potion. "Regarding?" she says.

I can feel the eyes and ears of the class upon us. "Regarding your essay on the potency of unicorn blood, Miss Granger." My voice is pure steel, and I can hear Malfoy and his brainless cronies guffawing stupidly behind me.

"Shut it, Malfoy!" I yell. "Two points from Slytherin."

Granger twitches her lips at this before nodding her head. "After class, then," she whispers, and...gods above...did *imagine* that wink, that seductive hitching of her delicate throat?

Her eyes still wide on mine, the girl actually pops loose a button of her blouse, licking her lips with a small, pink tongue.

I want to fuck her now, here in the classroom, in front of her friends.

Back at my desk, I ponder her little charade. Tempting me, it seems, and deliberately.

Foolish girl. I could make her suffer.

After I dismiss the students...most of their potions are predictably abysmal...she sways up to my desk, batting her eyes.

"You wished to see me, sir?" she asks, straightening her tie with tiny, perfect fingers.

"Yes," I reply. "Let us go to my office."

I lead her through a door disguised appropriately as a bookshelf and into my office. She lingers by the shelves, running her fingers along the ancient spines of the texts.

Turning, she grins, reaching into the pocket of her skirt to retrieve a small capsule of sorts. "Chapstick," she explains, applying the red tube to her lips in provocative, circular motions

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"About your report, Miss Granger," I say, leaning casually against my desk as she steps closer.

"Yes?" she asks.

"Well, I..." Grimacing in mock pain, I grab my throat. I whisper the spell in my mind, and my body trembles slightly. I can feel blood seeping onto the white collar of my frock, blossoming like an unfurling flower against my skin.

"Sir!" she gasps, horrified, covering her mouth with both her hands. "Blood!"

"Never mind that, Granger," I growl. "It is nothing to concern you."

I turn away from her, still shaking, watching her from the corner of my eye. She seems confused for a moment, tapping one shiny shoe on the floor.

I wait.

Finally, a tentative tap on my shoulder. "Professor Snape? Were you at a... meeting last night? Did *he* do this to you?"

Good girl, exactly the conclusion you're supposed to reach. Knocking her hand away, I snarl, "And what does that matter to you, Granger?"

Her brown eyes are wide, limpid, unblinking. She places her soft hand against my face. "Oh, Severus..." she whispers, and *yes*...I've got her.

I can twist that pity I see in her eyes, twist it until it turns wanton.

She soothes her fingers from my cheekbones to my neck, murmuring spells to heal my self-induced wounds. Her touch is maddeningly light upon my throat, and I close my eyes, moaning as she cups my chin and places her tempting lips close my own.

"Let me help you," she whispers into my mouth.

Feigning anger, I grasp her wrists and wrench her body away from mine. Mustn't seem too eager. Not yet. "Granger," I growl, "I could corrupt you."

"Yes."

"I could ruin you."

"*Please*."

Her chest is heaving, her blouse gaping open. I can just see the top of her bra. Scarlet red.

We crash together in a tangle of limbs. She is muttering comforting words, "I can help you, sir. Let me help you forget the pain. Please, please."

Now, I've got her.

She kisses me, and the taste of her lips pulses insanity through my body. I shove her down on her knees, forgetting to act the part of the suffering hero in the overwhelming need to feel her lips around my cock.

Granger fumbles with my robes, panting. Batting her hands aside, I pull my hardened cock from my robes and shove it against her lips.

"Suck it," I command.

A whimper escapes her throat as she fastens her lips around the head of my straining cock. And nothing but her warm mouth, her roving, flickering tongue, her lovely lips. And...gods...her fingers, stroking and massaging my balls. I can't help it; I quicken my pace, fucking her mouth with long, deep strokes. At times, I can feel her gagging, but never do I relent. Not when she is this warm, this hot.

A heady sight, my cock sliding thickly in and out of her mouth.

My orgasm begins to build...a delicious pressure tensing my body.

"Granger," I say unsteadily. "Open your eyes. Look at me when I come."

A flicker of thinly-veined eyelids, and she is staring at me. I tangle my fingers in her hair, thrusting once, twice, thrice...and I am buried to the balls in her mouth, my cock pulsing into the back of her throat.

"Mmmm," I say. "Mmmm." I tuck myself back into my robes, extending my hand to help her off the floor. Taking it, she rises and wipes her mouth with the back of her hand.

"Is that all, sir?" she asks.

"For now, Miss Granger," I respond. She gathers her book bag, her cloak, a tempting half-smile on her face as she leaves.

Oh, yes.

She *wants* to play these little games.

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**\*\*From the diary of Hermione Granger\*\***

Well, I've sucked his cock. And I feel... dirty. Even though it's part of the plan. Harry reminds me all the time.

But still, when I discovered a way to craft a commonplace topical lust potion in chapstick form, even then I felt as if I were doing something wrong. Combine that with the Obsession Elixir Dumbledore slips into his morning coffee, and...

Whenever I touch him, whenever I kiss him, he can't resist.

Is this wrong?

Dumbledore assures me that this is necessary for the war effort, that once I have complete power over Snape, we can't lose. He'll do whatever I want. Hmmm, total and absolute control over Professor Severus Snape...

And so I will do it. I'll suck his cock. I'll even fuck him.

Besides, a part of me actually *likes* playing these little games.

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